What world is this?

2. Gent. Is not this ſtrange? *1. Gent.* Moſt rare.

Cer. Huſh (my gentle neighbour) lend me your hands,
To the next chamber beare her: get linnen:
Now this matter muſt be lookt too, for he relapſe
Is mortall: come, come; and *Eſculapius* guide vs.

They carie her away. Exeunt omnes.

Enter Pericles, Atharſus, with Cleon and Dioniza.

Per. Moſt honor'd *Cleon*, I muſt needs be gone, my twelue moneths are expir'd, and *Tyrus* ſtands in a litigious peace:
You and your Lady take from my heart all thankfulneſſe,
The Gods make vp the reſt vpon you.

Cle. Your ſhakes of fortune, though they haunt you mortally
Yet glaunce full wondringly on vs.

Di. O your ſweet Queene! that the ſtrict fates had pleaſ'd, you had brought her hither to haue bleſt mine eies with her.

Per. We cannot but obey the powers aboue vs;
Could I rage and rore as doth the ſea ſhe lies in,
Yet the end muſt be as tis: my gentle babe *Marina*,
Whom, for ſhe was borne at ſea, I haue named ſo,
Here I charge your charitie withall; leauing her
The infant of your care, beſeeching you to giue her
Princely training, that ſhe may be maner'd as ſhe is borne.

Cle. Feare not (my Lord) but thinke your Grace,
That fed my Countrie with your Corne; for which,
The peoples prayers dayly fall vpon you, muſt in your child
Be thought on, if neglection ſhould therein make me vile,
The common body by you relieu'd,
Would force me to my dutie: but if to that,
My nature need a ſpurre, the Gods reuenge it
Vpon me and mine, to the end of generation.

Per. I beleeue you, your honour and your goodneſſe,
Teach me too't without your vowes, till ſhe be maried.
Madame, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All vnſiſterd ſhall this heire of mine remaine,
Though I ſhew will in't; ſo I take my leaue:
Good madame, make me bleſſed in your care
In bringing vp my Child.

Cler. I

Dion. I haue one my ſelfe, who ſhall not be more deere to my reſpect then yours, my Lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cler. Weel bring your Grace ene to the edge ath ſhore, then giue you vp to the mask'd *Neptune*, and the gentleſt winds of heauen.

Per. I will imbrace your offer, come deereſt Madame,
O no teares *Lichorida*, no teares, looke to your litle Miſtris,
on whoſe grace you may depend hereafter: come my Lord.

Enter Cerimon, and Tharſa.

Cer. Madam, this Letter, and ſome certaine Iewels,
Lay with you in your Coffer, which are at your command:
Know you the Charecter?

Thar. It is my Lords, that I was ſhipt at ſea I wel remember, euen on my learning time, but whether there deliuered, by the holie gods I cannot rightly ſay: but ſince King *Pericles* my wedded Lord, I nere ſhall ſee againe, a vaſtall liuerie will I take me to, and neuer more haue ioy.

Cler. Madam, if this you purpoſe as ye ſpeake,
Dianaes Temple is not diſtant farre,
Where you may abide till your date expire,
Moreouer if you pleaſe, a Neece of mine,
Shall there attend you.

Thar. My recompence is thanks, that's all,
Yet my good will is great, though the gift ſmall. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Imagine *Pericles* arriude at *Tyre*,
Welcomd and ſetled to his owne deſire:
His wofull Queene we leaue at *Epheſus*,
Vnto *Diana* ther's a Votariſſe.